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and **BYSTANDER**

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THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON

MARCH 14, 1945

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Deputy Supreme Commander: Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, G.C.B.

In December, 1943, it was announced that Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder was to become Deputy Supreme Commander under General Eisenhower, and he assumed his duties in January the next year. Educated at Whitgift and Magdalene College, Cambridge, he was commissioned in the Dorsetshire Regiment in 1914, seconded to the R.F.C. two years later, serving in France and Egypt, and in 1919 transferred to the R.A.F. The outbreak of the present war found him at the Air Ministry as Director-General of Research and Development. In 1940 he was appointed Deputy A.O.C.-in-C.—and the following year A.O.C.-in-C. R.A.F., Middle East. During the year 1943 he was Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, and subsequently Air C.-in-C. Mediterranean Air Command, a post which he held until his present appointment



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

THE Prime Minister took the whole world into his confidence when, after visiting the Western Front, he declared, "Any one can see that one good strong heave all together will end the war in Europe." But Mr. Churchill was able to see more of the complete picture than anybody else, and, of course, he knows all the facts of the situation and the full intentions of the Allied Command. Nevertheless, he gave the answer to the one big question which occupies the minds of most people: "What about the Rhine. How can we get across that?" Mr. Churchill, with seeming nonchalance, proclaimed: "We've crossed the rivers before." In other words, the Prime Minister does not regard the Rhine barrier any more seriously than the other obstructions the Allied armies have surmounted since they successfully invaded the

Plan

THOSE who now stand in readiness on the west bank of the Rhine are cautious about estimating the time it will take to cross the river. Many guesses have been made by war correspondents. None of them can have been meant to be completely convincing. Obviously the plans of the Allied High Command must remain secret until they are unfolded in the course of action. It would be foolish to assume that it is now that the Allied Commanders are considering how to get across the Rhine. The crossing must have been planned to the last detail a long time ago. Only the actual event will prove whether it is easier in fact than it was in contemplation. There are some signs that it might be a much less difficult operation, once supplies are fully assured, than anybody could have hoped. The Germans

thing is certain. Field-Marshal von Rundstedt's unsuccessful Christmas counter-offensive, plus Field-Marshal Montgomery's brilliant strategy by which the Germans were crowded and broken on the west bank of the Rhine, have paid the Allies an extremely good dividend. The Germans have suffered heavily; the taste of defeat must be bitter to them.

It must be bitter, indeed, to Field-Marshal von Rundstedt. I am certain that he has never been under any illusions. Do not forget that after the successful invasion of Normandy, Field-Marshal von Rundstedt retired from the battle. We don't know why. It may have been that Hitler required him to concentrate on the defence of the Rhine. Von Kluge, who succeeded Field-Marshal von Rundstedt in Normandy, committed suicide when he found that he was unable to stem the Allied advance across France. Field-Marshal von Rundstedt has failed to stop the Allies from reaching the Rhine. What will he do when he finds that he cannot stop the Allied armies from crossing the Rhine?

Grumbling

ISN'T it a strange thing that as the climax of the battle approaches the Nazi leaders should openly talk to the German people of suicide?



The Adjutant-General in Burma

Gen. Sir Robert Adam, Adjutant-General to the Forces, when touring the front of the 14th Army in Burma, addressed officers and men of different regiments and visited a field ambulance of the R.A.M.C. He is seen here with senior British officers



The Speaker Visits the R.A.F.

Col. Clifton Brown, Speaker of the House of Commons, recently paid a visit to units of the 2nd Tactical Air Force on the Continent. Above, he is greeted by Air Vice-Marshal Harry Broadhurst, A.O.C. of a 2nd T.A.F. group in Holland

Continent of Europe, which Hitler boasted was to be Nazified for a thousand years.

Mr. Churchill was the first British statesman to stand on German soil since the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain made the Munich settlement with Hitler in 1938. Incidentally, in the course of his three visits to Germany Mr. Chamberlain, on the second occasion, flew to Cologne and then crossed the Rhine to stay at Godesburg. With evident pleasure Mr. Churchill watched the final phase being prepared for the reversal of that Munich settlement, which he opposed at the time in the House of Commons. Also it must have occurred to him that he had thwarted one of Hitler's many boasts. At the time of Dunkirk, Hitler declared his intention of visiting London to ride through the streets and to stay at Buckingham Palace. Instead it fell to Mr. Churchill's puckish sense of humour to inscribe a shell with Hitler's name, and then to fire a 10-inch gun which sent it crashing across the Rhine. Obviously very far short of Hitler's present lair.

have been badly mauled on the west bank of the Rhine, and their retreat appears to have been achieved with some unnecessary confusion. The hope of Field-Marshal Montgomery that the Germans might be pinned and smashed before they could get across the Rhine seems to have been achieved in a large degree. But what is inexplicable to those on the spot is the fact that the German High Command continued to commit their best units to fight on the west bank when defeat was certain. For instance, a complete Panzer division was landed on the west bank of the Rhine at the height of the retreat.

Morale

UNTIL the battle to cross the Rhine has started, it would be unwise to forecast the form, scope and force of German resistance. There have been indications that the German troops on the east bank of the Rhine are of inferior quality and that their defensive positions are not very strong. Only the actual battle will prove if this estimate is true. One

Time and time again in this war the Germans have been executed for defeatist talk. Yet we have Goebbels and Hitler talking about suicide. Surely this is the sign that Germany's end has been reached and that the Nazi leaders are continuing a hopeless resistance in the spirit of gamblers who feel that something might yet turn up to save them from ruin; or it may be that Hitler still believes in the stars, and therefore thinks that he, above all men, cannot be destined to such abject failure as now faces him. The Fuehrer has told his faithful followers that they must be prepared to die with him. This is not a very inspiring message, for in all their inhumanity the German Nazis must have some human feelings where their own personal fate is concerned.

As the Allied soldiers enter one German town after another, they find the people cowed and servile. There is very little of that earlier arrogance which was encountered at Aachen. The German people know, as Hitler knows, that for them the war is over. Apart from this

decline in civilian morale, signs are not wanting of criticism among front-line troops. If this criticism of conditions, of leadership and lack of supplies grows, we may find the circumstances of the last war reversed. The German front-line soldiers may decide not to continue fighting, instead of civilians seeking to end the war behind their backs. It is all a matter of conjecture, and I would never underestimate the fighting powers and the skill of the German soldier. At the same time, I agree with those who believe that at some time in the near future there will be a big crack in the German Army, and that when this comes, any Nazi idea of maintaining guerilla war in the mountains of Bavaria or anywhere else, will collapse. Present-day generations of Germans are now having a taste of war on their own soil. They have suffered, and are suffering, the most intense and concentrated aerial bombardment ever imposed on any people. Not for the first time in German history, the people of Germany are becoming a nation of nomads. They are fleeing before the Russians in the east and the Anglo-American Armies in the west. Knowing the German people, civilians and soldiers, it cannot be long before they cry "kamarad."

Realism

IN trying to shape the organization by which it is hoped to avert another and more devastating world war, Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin have shown themselves to be realists. The scheme produced for voting in the prepared World Security Council faces the fact that there comes a point when it is impossible to impose sanctions on a Great Power without causing war. Thus the Security Council, which will consist of the United States, Soviet Russia, Great Britain, France and China as permanent members, with the admission of six smaller States whose membership will last for two years, cannot reach any decision of major importance unless the five Great Powers are unanimous. If one of the Great Powers is concerned in a dispute it will have the right to veto the imposition of economic or military sanctions, for they would mean war and the breakdown of any peace negotiation machinery. But such a Power will not be allowed to veto any scheme for investigating the dispute,



Decorated by the King

Air Vice-Marshal Cedric Porter went to a recent investiture to receive the C.B.E. His wife and son were at the Palace with him. The Porters live at Pigeon Farm, Greenham, Newbury

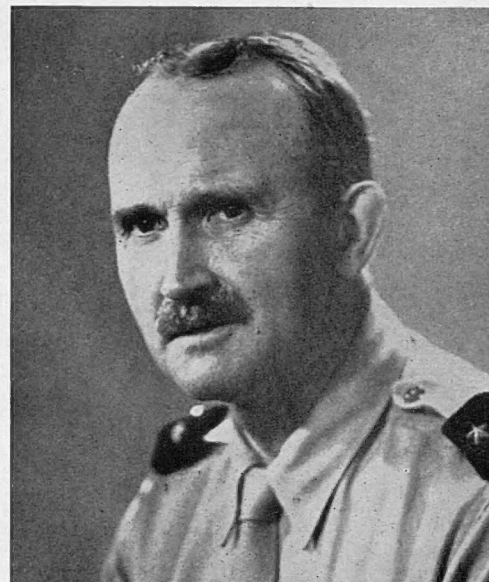
suggesting a compromise and arranging negotiations. This is an important advance on the old League of Nations. It gives full opportunity for the use of all human methods of preventing a war before events have gone too far. All must admit that this is an ideal which must be sustained at all costs. But it demands one essential factor, and that is the continuance of the spirit of co-operation and the will to compromise which had its birth in the Crimea Conference at Yalta.

Test

BEFORE very long this spirit of compromise will be put to its first test. The Polish issue is one which is causing much heart-searching among many sincere people in this country. It can have more far-reaching political reactions in the United States, where there are several million Polish voters. President Roosevelt has declared quite frankly that the compromise reached at Yalta was not completely to his liking, nor did it meet all that Mr. Churchill desired. Nevertheless President

Roosevelt will support the plan for organizing a broader-based Polish Government, which will have the power to arrange free elections in order that Poles can express themselves independently at some time in the future.

The problem still unsolved is the capacity for Lublin Poles and London Poles to agree to this compromise. They argue in London Polish circles that this compromise is being forced on them. In Lublin the Poles condemn the London Poles. Each side appears to have a case, but if international co-operation is to thrive, a solution must be found which will cause all Poles to work together. If they cannot be made to do this, the Big Three who met at Yalta are going to have to face a very unhappy situation which will be bad for Europe and an unhappy augury for world co-operation after the war.



Gen. J. Flipo, L d'H., C de G., M.C.

Now Military Attaché to the Allied Governments in Britain, Gen. Flipo, a well-known cavalryman, won the M.C. in 1918, fighting with the 3rd British Corps. In 1942-43 he commanded the Corps Franc d'Afrique with the 1st British Army, and later was Chief of Staff of the F.F.L. with the Eighth Army in Tripolitania and Tunisia



King and Prime Minister Lunch Together

Returning from the Crimea Conference, Mr. Churchill spent three days in Cairo. While there he lunched with King Ibn Saud of Arabia at the Auberge du Lac at Fayoum. Behind the King stands his interpreter. The Prime Minister also had meetings with the Emperor of Ethiopia and King Farouk of Egypt



Mr. Churchill Week-Ends in Germany

The Prime Minister, with Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, C.I.G.S., Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, and Gen. Simpson, C-in-C. U.S. 9th Army, posed among "dragon's teeth" defences of the Siegfried Line. He was visiting the Reich for the first time since 1931

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A More Than Mixed Bag

By James Agate

SHORTLY after the first performance in this country of the play called *Tomorrow The World*, Major R. Crisp, D.S.O., M.C., had an admirable article in the *Daily Express*. After paying tribute to the older German soldiers he wrote of the children, then being taken prisoner:—

Before such courage you stand in awe and,

you can't help it, in admiration. Then you see the face of this child, and you realize icily that here is a naked, mad killer.

See them even back in the prison cages, with the lust of battle gone from them. There is nothing that is decent, or gentle, or humble to be read in them. Everything that is beastly and lustful and cruel.

This is a generation of man trained deliber-

ately in barbarity, trained to execute the awful orders of a madman. Not a clean thought has ever touched them.

They, too, are made in the image of God! They know no god but their Fuehrer, no commandment but "Thou shalt kill." The story is true of the wounded Nazi prisoner in a British hospital who refused to have the blood transfusion that could have saved his life because it was not German blood.

Every German born since 1920 is under this Satanic spell. The younger they are, the more fiercely impregnated are they with its evil poison. Every child born under the Hitler régime is a lost child. It is a lost generation. What are we to do with them?

At first sight the answer seems perfectly simple. Give them each a year's subscription to any of our highbrow weeklies!

OF course it really isn't simple at all. The authors of the play, Messrs. James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau, on which the film *Tomorrow The World* (London Pavilion) is founded, had the sense to perceive that Germany's twelve-year-old Nazis are in every way as much entitled to our respect as Casabianca.

That these children live and fight, and are prepared to die for an ideal. Logic being the last thing ever taught in our schools, the authors had to explain, quietly and patiently, that the fact that to non-German minds the ideal inspiring these children is horrible, loathsome and altogether monstrous does not mean that this ideal is not being carried out by its victims with courage, persistence and complete elimination of self. The heroism is a mistaken one, but it is heroism all the same.

The complete and utter poignancy of both play and film lies in the tumult caused in a small soul when it perceives that the only world it knows is crumbling beneath its feet. Let me make the point with some fervour that a twelve-year-old cannot grasp the obligation to think for himself, and that blameworthiness in the young German begins with the rejection of that obligation. To think of young Emil Bruckner in terms of "stinking Nazi



Loretta Young appears as Emily Blair, the heroine of Rachel Field's "*And Now Tomorrow*," in the screen adaptation of the novel which is now at the Plaza. Emily Blair is stricken by an illness which leaves her deaf soon after the party given in her honour has made known her engagement to Jeff Stoddard (Barry Sullivan). Her illness postpones their marriage for some years although Jeff refuses to allow Emily to break off their engagement. On the left is Cecil Kellaway as Dr. William Weeks, the Blair family physician



"*And Now Tomorrow*," from Rachel Field's Novel, Stars Loretta Young, Alan Ladd and Susan Hayward

For two years Emily tries specialist after specialist in quest of a cure but always with the same result—they can do nothing. Finally she is persuaded much against her will to submit to the new treatment of a young local doctor Merek Vance (Alan Ladd) who has recently joined Dr. Weeks

Dr. Vance's first treatments are not successful. They do, however, act as a tremendous mental stimulant to Emily, who begs to be allowed to act as guinea-pig for an entirely new experimental treatment. This is successful, Emily and Dr. Vance fall in love, and Janice (Susan Hayward), Emily's younger sister, ends everything happily by announcing that she and Jeff are in love



"Tonight And Every Night" is set in London in the days and nights of continuous blitz. Based on Lesley Storm's play "Heart of a City," which was in turn inspired by the Windmill Theatre, the London theatre which never closed—it is described as a dramatic musical in Technicolor. There is a lot of expert dancing by Rita Hayworth, Janet Blair and Marc Platt, some not so expert singing, plenty of romance, not too much tragedy and, says Mr. Agate, "I have seldom seen so many pretty girls. And I have hardly ever seen them with so little on"

brat" is to do oneself and a tragic theme less than justice.

THE film, like the play, stops at exactly the right point. No hint is given whether, in the opinion of the authors, Emil's re-education will be permanent. A favourite misquotation is:—

A man convinced against his will
Will hold the same opinion still.

For the authors' purposes the misquotation is better than Butler's original. How long before a young Nazi, left to himself and back in his own country, will shake off his new-found convictions and return to the old ones?

IN the film entitled *And Now Tomorrow* (Faza) Emily Blair (Loretta Young), a spoiled beauty, is deaf. She is cured by Dr. Merck Vance (Alan Ladd) by means of injections previously rehearsed on a guinea-pig. For which indignity she marries him. Very nice. But may I say that I don't care two hoots whether Emily has also lost the senses of sight, smell, taste and touch? I don't care if she is crippled and an idiot. I know only that the film seemed to me to be the most asphyxiatingly dull rigmarole I have ever sat through. So making the best use of my five senses I availed myself of five exits simultaneously.

AFTER seeing two films about Tomorrow I chided me to *Tonight and Every Night* (New Gallery). This is a musical with those three indefatigable dancers Rita Hayworth, Marc Platt and Janet Blair. As every one knows, their dancing is superb. The ladies also sing, which I suppose may be explained by the fact that this has something to do with a clause in their contract. This musical concerns itself with the fortunes of a small London music hall called the Music Box, and we see its history in flash-back, its bombings, its recoveries, the romances and jealousies which take place within its walls. The principal romance is enacted by Rita, who is the star of the Music Box, and the inevitable flying officer (sorry, Squadron-Leader) who is played adequately by handsome Lee Bowman. Of course they marry. Then Marc Platt is found to be in love with Rita too, but of course is shoo'd off. In desperation he goes to a public house where he is joined by Janet, who secretly loves him. They are just getting on nicely when the public house is bombed and both are killed. Hearing of this, the proprietress of the Music Box, May Tolliver—

admirably played by that trusty actress, Florence Bates—wants to close the Box for the night; but Rita, although the tears are streaming down her face—she must have used some marvellous grease-paint—insists on continuing the show and sings her masterpiece even louder than usual. Her dancing, however, in honour of her deceased friends, is a shade more restrained.

ALL the lads of the village will hurry to see this film. I have seldom seen so many pretty girls. And I have hardly ever seen them with so little on. One shot of this film would have made our grandmothers faint and our grandfathers hanker after successful experiments by Steinach and Voronoff. There is not a great deal of wit in the film, but I was faintly tickled when Paul's clerical father who had never been to a music hall came along to see what his prospective daughter-in-law was like, visited her in her dressing-room and said: "Miss Bruce, I leave this performance with the highest opinion of the British stage." Or words to that effect. Let me add that this is a Columbia picture. Hail, Columbia! *Tu es impayable!*



Professor Michael Frame (Frederic March), his fiancée Leona (Betty Field), and daughter Pat (Joan Carroll), are a little apprehensive about the attitude taken by Emil Bruckner (Sippy Homeier) when the Professor talks to the boy of his father, a great German Liberal leader who has been tortured to death by the Nazis



Emil has learnt the Nazi lesson well. He is stiff and formal and dislikes speaking of his father whom he has been taught to despise. In a moment of uncontrollable hate, Emil slashes to ribbons the portrait of his father which hangs in Prof. Frame's home



"Tomorrow The World" Provides Food for Thought

The Professor's patience with Emil is exhausted when the boy beats Pat about the head with a poker, leaving the child unconscious at the base of the cellar stairs. In his rage, Michael Frame chokes the boy almost to death

For the first time since his arrival in America Emil appears moved when he learns that Pat has saved a year's allowance in order to buy him a watch. Pat bears him no malice in spite of his cruel attack and persuades her father to give Emil another chance

The Theatre

"Three Waltzes" (Princes)

FROM clogs to clogs, they say in Lancashire, is only a matter of three generations; and from Debrett to Hollywood apparently takes no longer, once a noble family has formed the habit of falling in love with actresses. Grandpapa, holding the Queen's commission in the Blues, is saved from a misalliance with the stage by the high tact of an aunt, Caroline, Duchess of Dorney. In the nick of time papa, an Edwardian country gentleman, is able to save himself from a similar entanglement. But these successive frustrations fatally weaken the aristocratic strain. The son actually joins "the wandering, careless, wretched, merry race" of mummies. Not only that, but he marries an actress, and not only marries her but "makes himself a motley to the view" by proposing under the all-seeing eye of a Hollywood camera in a crowded studio palpitating with sympathetic admiration. It is comforting to know that death has spared grandpapa's butler this painful scene.

YET *Three Waltzes* is not a cautionary tale for the younger sons of ducal families. It is a fairy story telling of the ultimate triumph of love over the Regiment, over Fishing and Hunting and Shooting, and over all the seductive advantages of social precedence. For Kay Sheridan, the film star whose love affair gets entwined with the love story she is filming, is the grand-daughter of Katherine Sheridan, the great Victorian dancer of the old Alhambra; and it was she, the darling, who would not stand between grandpapa and the Regiment. Ah, what a moment that was, the moment of the grand refusal! The Duchess had just left, a historic old lady out of a novel by Henry

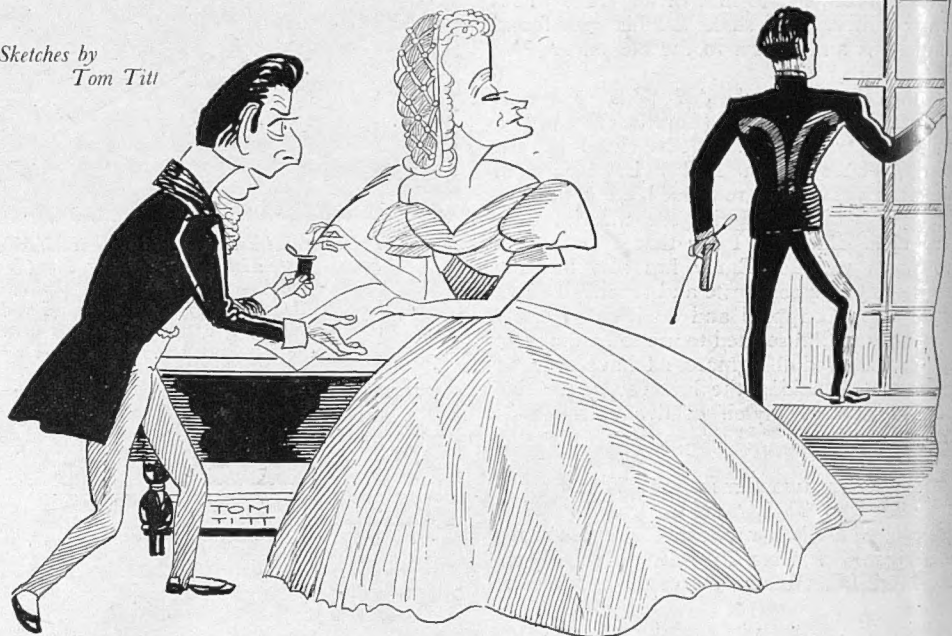
James, who professed herself to be well satisfied with her nephew's eccentric choice of a wife. She had reason to be satisfied. She had mentioned casually that the marriage would entail Richard's resignation from the Blues. And when Richard came the Blues went riding musically by the window, and even while he was still gazing at them with manly regret Katherine tearfully affixed her signature to the new Paris contract. They went their ways and married more suitably. Richard's son, the Edwardian Dickie, very nearly married Katherine's daughter, Katie—George Edwardes's Katie, Daly's Katie, all the Edwardian world's Katie. But he was such a dull fellow, took his fishing so solemnly, and was such an inexpert fisherman, that the whole house gave a sigh of relief when a faithful impresario arrived at the river bank with the news that King Edward was to be at Daly's on the following night, and would she resume her old part? Resume it she did, and magnificently she sang it, even though she found on her dressing-room table between the acts a heart-breaking note from the dull but fascinatingly resolute Dickie.

THESE period scenes are much the best part of a curious entertainment. They have



Katie Sheridan, the darling of Daly's, has the world at her feet. Her lovely black velvet gown brings back nostalgic memories of the days of the Gibson girl (Evelyn Laye)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Katherine Sheridan, première ballerina of the Alhambra, renounces love, in the person of the Hon. Richard Wessex, by signing a contract which will take her to Paris, leaving Richard to the Blues. (Charles Goldner, Evelyn Laye, Esmond Knight)



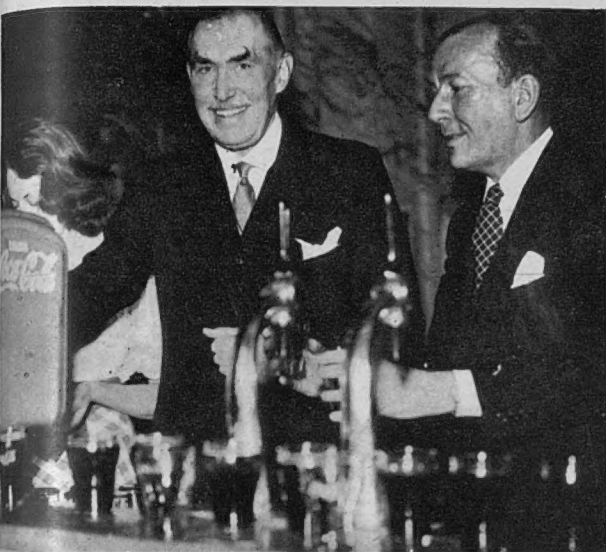
Kay Sheridan, daughter of Katie, grand-daughter of Katherine, is the brightest star of Supremacy Pictures, Hollywood. The Wessex in her life is Dick, son of Dickie, grandson of Richard. (Evelyn Laye)

Miss Evelyn Laye radiant in crinolines and picture hats, and though she is the only member of the company permitted to sing, an admirable orchestra, playing the music of Mr. Oscar Strauss, lends wings to the artless little story when most they are needed. The last act, in Hollywood, brings us to plain farce, and without the airs and graces of vanished times the farce is plain to the point of bleakness. The love story, disarmingly naïve in its first and second antithetical movements, becomes in the end terribly relentless. But the innocent charm of the musical comedy should carry the subsequent farce to a success which, even then,

will owe much to the romantic tactfulness of Miss Laye and Mr. Esmond Knight as they decorate eternal youth first with Victorian then with Edwardian manners, and show it surviving without any manners at all. At each period Mr. Charles Goldner contributes an amusing sketch of that rare stage bird, a selfless theatrical impresario. For all that, it is a piece which also requires a contribution from the audience, a mood. Clearing our minds not of cant, as Johnson sourly advised, but of common sense, we must settle to it as we might settle to Ouida.

A. V. C.

London Doings



At the Paris Stage Door Canteen inauguration at Simpsons', Lord Kindersley and Mr. Noel Coward served at the Coca-Cola Bar



Paris Stage Door Canteen Inaugurated in London

A preliminary inauguration of the new Stage Door Canteen for Paris was held at Simpsons' Services Club, Piccadilly, when the London Committee gathered to meet the Comtesse de Maille (right), vice-president of the French Organising Committee. With her are Dr. S. L. Simpson and Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador



Right: The Marquess of Donegall greeted Viscountess Scarsdale; his wife was there, too (centre), with the fashionable handkerchief headgear



Mr. Henry Sherek, who presented the play, is seen with Miss Diana Morgan, authoress of the book

First-Nighters at "Three Waltzes"

● There was a distinguished audience for the opening night of *Three Waltzes* at Princes Theatre. With Evelyn Laye and Esmond Knight to star, the book by Diana Morgan, and music by Oscar Strauss, a delightful evening was spent by first-nighters, some of whom are seen on this page



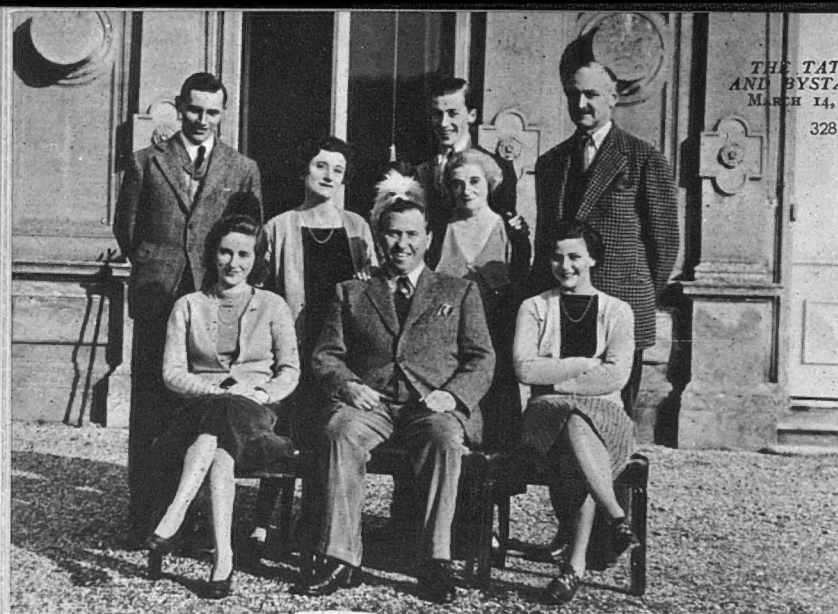
Mrs. Laye, mother of Evelyn Laye, and the star's husband, Major Frank Lawton, came to the performance together



The Countess of Eldon and Gen. Crane, of the U.S. Army, were two in the stalls

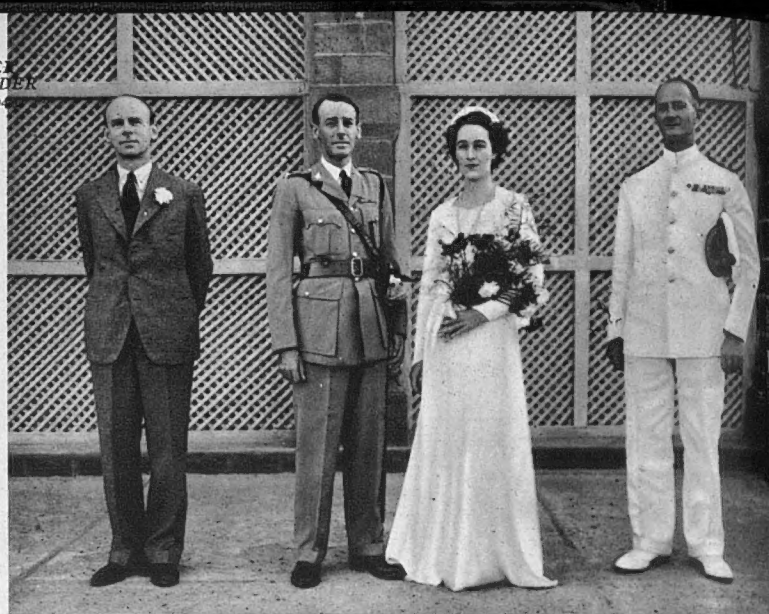


Viscountess Falmouth came to the theatre with her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Sherek



Coming-of-Age of Lord Carnarvon's Son *Swabe*

This family group was taken at Highclere Castle, Newbury, when Lord Porchester celebrated his twenty-first birthday. In front: Lady Penelope Herbert, the Earl of Carnarvon, Miss Patricia Beauchamp. Behind: Mr. R. G. A. van der Woude (engaged to Lady Penelope Herbert), Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Lord Porchester, the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, Sir Brograve Beauchamp, M.P.



Lord Mowbray's Cousin Married in Aden *Swabe*

The marriage took place in January of Colonel Ivo Stourton, O.B.E., Commissioner of Aden, cousin of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, and Miss Virginia Seymour, daughter of Sir Horace Seymour, British Ambassador in China, and Lady Seymour. Mr. R. P. Platt was best man, and Cdre. E. Aylmer, D.S.C., R.N., gave the bride away.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Recruit

THE announcement that Princess Elizabeth is training at a driving centre of the A.T.S. in the South of England took everyone by surprise, for even those few in and around the Court circle who know how anxious the Princess has been for some time to join one of the three women's services in which many of her friends hold commissions, were certain that when she did succeed it would be the W.R.N.S. that she would join. But the Princess, in spite of her long training as a Sea Ranger—in which she reached the rank of bos'un of the starboard watch—was determined

to wear khaki, and, accordingly, it was as an honorary second subaltern of the Auxiliary Territorial Service that the King commissioned his daughter.

Her A.T.S. service will, of course, make a vast difference to the Princess's life, and while she is in camp she will have to obey all the rules and regulations, including early rising and occasional late duty. For the time being she will discontinue the intensive study in several special subjects which she has been taking under the guidance of Sir Henry Marten, the Provost of Eton, but this is regarded as an interruption rather than a complete break.

On her very last day before taking up full-time duties with her unit, the Princess met her tutor in particularly happy circumstances, when she went, with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret, to attend morning service at Eton College, and afterwards to see, on the famous steps of the chapel, her father invest Dr. Marten with the K.C.V.O. and give him the accolade of knighthood in full sight of the cheering, top-hatted boys.

T.M. Meet the Navy

THEIR MAJESTIES' first theatre visit this year was to the very successful Canadian revue *Meet the Navy*, at the Hippodrome, where the entire cast and orchestra are "manned" by members of the Royal Canadian Navy; and to judge from the repeated laughter and applause that came from their box—not the normal Royal Box, but one in the centre of the theatre, behind the stalls—the Royal party, which included both the Princesses, enjoyed the quick-fire humour, the first-class dancing and the general polish of the show as much as anyone. Afterwards, the King, Queen and Princesses were taken through the pass-door on to the stage by Mr. Vincent Massey, the High Commissioner for Canada.



The Duchess of Kent Attends a Meeting

The Duchess of Kent, President of the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, recently attended her first meeting of the Association. She was welcomed on her arrival by Dr. R. A. Young, Vice-Chairman, and the Duchess of Portland, Chairman of the Council.



The Norries at Home at Government House

This photograph of General Sir Willoughby Norrie, new Governor of South Australia, and his family was taken in the grounds of Government House, Sydney. With him are his niece, Miss Eleanor Kearns, Miss Rosemary Norrie, Lady Norrie, and Guy and George Norrie.



A Couple of Recent Christenings in Town and Country

Day, Dunbar

Simon Mark Corbett, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. P. G. Corbett, was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mrs. Corbett is a daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. S. Sewell, of Tysoe Manor, Warwickshire

Anna Stevens, daughter of Major and Mrs. L. J. Stevens, was christened at North Berwick. Her father, son of Mr. P. H. Stevens, of Northampton, was home on leave at the time from the B.L.A.



is legend, and once a year we are given the opportunity to show our gratitude to them by giving generously for our flags.

Mrs. A. V. Alexander again had a tea-party at Admiralty House for the organisers, and for the fifth year H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent honoured the party with her presence. Her Royal Highness looked lovely in one of the new higher-crowned hats and made an excellent speech in support of this great effort. Afterwards, ten flag-day organisers who personally collected over £1000 in 1944 were presented to the Duchess, headed by Mrs. Lawrence Forbes, who gathered £17,000 in the City of London. Mrs. Alexander had the help of Admiral Sir Aubrey Smith, who is Chairman of King George's Fund for Sailors; in receiving the guests, amongst whom were Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Tovey and Lady Tovey, Lady Leathers, Mrs. Attlee, Mrs. Bevin, Mrs. Laughton Matthews, Director of W.R.N.S., and the Lord Mayor of London and Lady Mayoress. Sir Frank Alexander, who is a shipowner, is particularly interested in this flag day and is himself making a national appeal for the welfare of seamen during his term of office.

Chinese Gala

THE Gala Chinese Dinner organised by Miss Marion Gerth at Ciro's, in aid of the British United Aid to China Fund, was a big success. The Club was crowded, and a small auction held during the evening raised nearly £600 for only six items in a very short time. A nightgown was sold for £125; a double magnum of champagne made £75; a magnum of sherry £50

(Continued on page 330)

Sailors' Day

EVERYONE will want to support the flag day to be held on April 10th, the date chosen for the "Flag Day for Sailors" in London and the Home Counties. This flag day, which has

previously been held each year on behalf of a few given societies, is this year being organised by King George's Fund for Sailors, and added to the Lord Mayor's Appeal Fund for Seamen. The heroism and gallantry of British seamen



Swabe

The Countess of Inchcape and her mother, the Rane of Sarawak, were at Ciro's on "Aid to China" night



Mr. C. Attlee, Deputy Prime Minister, sat by Lady Cripps, President of the United Aid to China Fund



Lord Tredegar and Mme. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese Ambassador, were two more supporting the good cause



Gala Night at Ciro's, in Aid of the United Aid to China Fund

Swabe

Mr. Gerry Wilmot compered and conducted the auction, which realised nearly £600 for six articles. He is seen with Mr. Graham Spry, Mrs. Miller, secretary of the United Aid to China Fund, and Sir Stafford Cripps



In another party at Ciro's for the Aid to China Gala were Sir William Bass, Mrs. Pershouse, Mrs. Washington Singer, Major Pershouse and Mr. Robert Grey. Here they are arriving

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

and another £60 when it was handed back to be put up a second time; while a Chinese mandarin coat fetched £55 the first time, and was finally bought by Lady Scarsdale for 100 guineas.

There were many dinner parties, Lady Cripps, President of the United Aid to China Fund, being hostess to a party of twenty, which included Sir Stafford Cripps and their youngest daughter, Miss Peggy Cripps; Mr. Tan Pao-shen, the Chinese Consul-General; Mr. and Mrs. Attlee; Mr. Heaton Nicholls, the High Commissioner for South Africa, and his wife; Mr. Bruce, the High Commissioner for Australia, and his wife; and Mr. William Jordan, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, who came alone, as Mrs. Jordan was unfortunately ill and could not accompany him. Also in the party were Lady Egerton; Mrs. Miller, who, as general secretary of the Fund, worked hard to make the Gala a success; Dr. C. C. Wang; and Mr. Berkeley Gage, who was for some time First Secretary at the British Embassy in Chungking.

People There

MRS. WELLINGTON KOO, looking lovely in her national dress, was entertaining a dinner party, which included Lady Queensberry, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, Lord Tredegar, Mme. Guerara, Col. Tang and Major Kung. Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys had a big party at the next table, the latter wearing her lovely Chinese mandarin coat in

honour of the occasion. Lillias Lady Rennell was chatting to Lady Hamond-Graeme and Major David Smiley at her table; Mrs. Washington Singer brought a party, which included Major and Mrs. Pershouse, Sir William Bass and Mr. Robert Gray; and Leonora Countess of Inchcape and her mother, Lady Brooke, had sofa seats near the dance floor. Amongst those I saw dancing in this gaily decorated room, where the flags of all the Allies were hung, were Viscountess Scarsdale, the Hon. Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps, and Lady Newborough. The Marchioness of Donegall, in a silver lamé blouse and black skirt, was dancing with her husband; and the Marchioness of Queensberry partnered Col. Tang, of the Chinese Military Mission, who has been in this country for several years with his wife and little girl, but is shortly returning to his own country. Others there were Mme. Phang, Viscountess Snowden, the Peruvian Minister and Mme. Berkemeyer, the Lebanese Minister and Mme. Chamoun, Freda Countess of Listowel, Viscomtesse de la Chappelle, Col. and Mrs. Chen Pin-kei and Professor Chen Yuan.

Party

THE new Swiss Minister and his charming and attractive wife are a great acquisition to the Corps Diplomatique. The cocktail party which they gave in their suite at the Dorchester was a friendly gathering of many well-known people, both in diplomacy and in London's social circles. From six till nearly eight, Mme. Ruegger and her husband were kept busy greeting their guests, notable amongst them being the French Ambassadors, who was

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Strauss Waltz? Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill took the floor with Mr. Robert Strauss



Polish Question? S/Lt. S. Pappius, of the Polish Navy, put it to the Hon. Janetta Somerset, Lord Raglan's daughter



Ballroom Badinage: it was indulged in by Miss Elizabeth Hardinge and the Hon. Edward Palmer, Lord Selborne's younger son



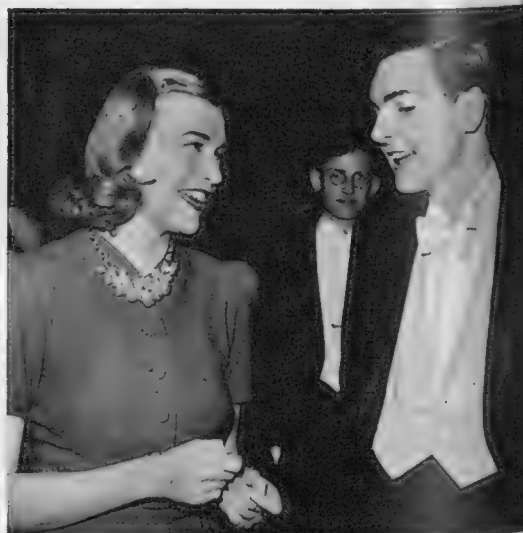
Dancing Duchess: Her Grace of Marlborough, chairman, was piloted on the dance floor by Baron Theodor Roth, hon. secretary



Have a Drink? Mr. Hugo Fausset-Baker escorted Miss Sylma Adams after the dance



Graceful Dancers: they were the Hon. Richard Keppel, Lord Albemarle's son, and Miss Wanda Lotycz



Amusing Episode: discussed between dances by the Hon. Giles St. Aubyn and Miss Mary Bailey-Southwell

● A Ball was held at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, under the patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough, with Baron Théodor Roth as honorary secretary, in aid of the British Red Cross and St. John Prisoner-of-War Fund. Oxford Proctors gave permission for undergraduates to attend the Ball, and many of them availed themselves of the opportunity. The Vice-Chancellor of the University was present, as were a number of the heads of other colleges



Party Spirit was shown by Mr. P. Subercaseaux, Mrs. M. Ferguson, Miss C. Chaundy, Miss E. Jessel, Mr. K. Parker, the Hon. Edward Digby, Lady Caroline Churchill, Mr. S. Parker, Miss W. Lotycz, Lady Rendlesham, Viscount Tredegar, the Mayor and Mayoress of Oxford; and seated: Mr. C. Von Bulow, the Duchess of Marlborough and Baron Roth

Oxford Event

A Ball in Aid of Prisoners of War



Resting Revellers: they were Miss H. Chadwick-Brooks, Mr. J. Barr, the Hon. Katherine Bruce, Mr. R. Florescu, Midshipman P. Gaynor, Mr. P. Subercaseaux and Miss M. Jarvis



Scottish Suitors: Miss Celia Chaundy had two, Mr. J. D. Fraser and Mr. D. G. Robertson-Campbell. And Messrs. K. and S. Parker as well



Talking Trivialities? Anyway, those taking part in it were Miss M. Hunter, Major K. Macleod, Mme. V. Florescu, Mr. P. C. Moore, Miss Y. Florescu and Mr. V. Russell-Smith



Waiting for the Next: Miss J. Bridgeman, Mr. R. Graham, Miss D. Vargas and Mr. A. Pavlovsky line up for the music to begin again



Foursome of Friends: Mr. P. Harrison-Hall, Miss E. Forster, Mr. J. Dossetor and Miss P. Nelson faced the camera with dignity and composure

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"PIFFLE!" said the Brigadier, according to one of the Fleet Street boys. He was disposing of the existence of ghosts, and especially of the Headless Drummer said to haunt Dover Castle, of which he is Deputy Constable.

Admiring the brisk military way with the supernatural, we guess the Brigadier is right about this particular ghost. Headless drummers are a well-known South of England product. There used to be a famous one at Hurstmonceaux Castle, on the frontiers of Pevensey Marsh, a fiendish fellow said to be nine feet high, striding along the (then) ruined battlements and drumming on moonless nights. Down in the Hick Belt nowadays we connect such chaps with that branch of Big Business which covered the entire South coast up to a century ago. A few drum-rolls from Hurstmonceaux over the Marsh, for example, informed the smugglers on the beach at Pevensey that the ponies, loaded and ready, could start, also warning any belated locals to take cover and keep mum, for if caught in the path they were savagely tortured and often murdered, as the Newgate Calendar shows.

Footnote

WHEN smuggling ceased—the last survivor of the big terror-gangs died in Eastbourne Workhouse in his nineties, about fifty years ago—ghostly drummers were heard no more in Kent or Sussex.

The Brigadier is therefore right about Dover Castle. It is nice to be right about things, and we often wish more people in responsible positions would try it before it gets too late. Yah, wistful.

Tzigane

EVERY born gipsy who has ever had trouble with the electric cocktail-shaker in the Louis XV drawing-room trailer will hope that the recent meeting of the caravan industry in London discussed methods of making caravanning more easy for the Romany breed.

What our Fleet Street brethren describe as the Call of the Open Road will be heard in due course, no doubt, and the gipsies will be watching their chauffeurs polishing up the old Rolls and making arrangements for those inter-tribal crossroad signals of which the poet has sung:

Where my caravan has rested
Flowers I leave you on the grass;
If you understand their message
You will look an awful ass.
A-aaa-aaahhhhh!

Rude messages of this fragrant kind are more frequent than gipsies care to admit. A certain dusty bunch of flowers and twigs lying in the road conveyed quite a lot to Mr. George Borrow's friend, Jasper Petulengro, no doubt, if nothing to Mr. Borrow



"Well, there really isn't much more I can tell you about the thing, except, of course, that it goes off with one helluva bang when it drops"

himself. Naturally Mr. B. kept it out of his book, but their conversation probably went:

"What's the message, brother?"

"Well, brother, it's about you, oddly enough."

"What's it say, brother?"

"Well, brother, it says 'If that bouncing so-and-so G. Borrow is still with you, he's due for a poke in the eye before many moons'."

A few nights later dear old Mrs. Hearne actually did her best, as promised, to poke Mr. Borrow's eyes out with a sharp stick, also to poison him. It was then that the thought for the first time struck Mr. Borrow: "Am I really God's gift to the Romany? Can it be that I am not so popular as I thought?"

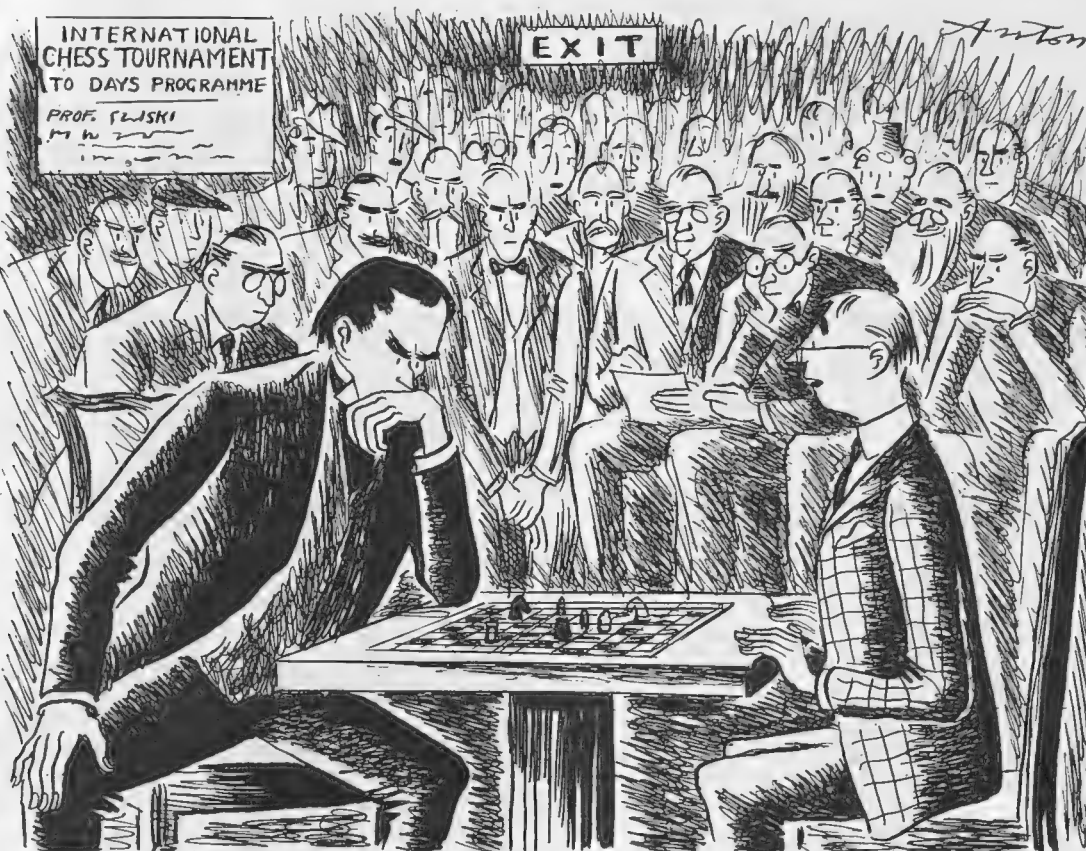
Many guests of us gipsies have asked themselves that.

Scourge

THAT girlish crack at the Demon Rum contained in Lady Astor's recent question in the House about duty-free liquor for the Navy will undoubtedly, as an M.P. suggested, "do much to reconcile Naval personnel in Plymouth to the noble lady's forthcoming retirement." Naval tears on this occasion will fall less torrentially, we guess, than they would have done; the agony of parting will be less keen, the gin less pink.

Whether this duty-free privilege goes back to James II, founder of the British Navy, or to the Middle Ages, or even back to King Alfred, we wouldn't know. The mere thought of its ever being removed gives many sailors a touch of seascurvy, too often attributed to the BBC. The BBC causes only land-scurvy. A diet of citrus fruits does not invariably cure this, and in many British homes you may see gaunt wasted skeletons crouching round the radio, unable even to switch off. That slap-and-giggle act between the pedants which goes on every mortal Tuesday night (8.15-9) tends to swell and weaken the legs and loosen the teeth of

(Concluded on page 334)



"Er, I forget for the minute—am I black or white?"



The King and Queen, with Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret and the Duke of Norfolk, assemble in the Park to plant the five red oaks

Planting for Posterity in Windsor Park

The Royal Family Commemorates the Work
of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund



His Majesty's Turn

● Five red oaks were planted in Windsor Great Park, one tree for each £1,000,000 raised by the Red Cross Agricultural Fund in England and Wales up to last autumn, when the total of £5,000,000 was reached. Since then the Fund has increased to £7,000,000, and it is hoped to plant more trees for these and other additional millions later on. The Queen planted the first oak, the King the second, followed by Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Norfolk, who is President of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund



Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret are Helped by Their Dog



Miss Diana Chester-Master



Miss Daphne Chester-Master

The two daughters of Major and Mrs. Edgar Chester-Master are both in uniform. Diana, the elder, is a Subaltern in the A.T.S., in which she has been serving for the last three years. Her sister, Daphne, has been two and a half years in the W.R.N.S.



Fayer

Lady Carmichael-Anstruther is chairman of the committee raising funds for the Sikorski Memorial Hospital. She is the wife of Sir Windham Carmichael-Anstruther, Bt., of Carmichael House, Lanarkshire, and daughter of Mr. Ernest Rechnitzer, of Warninglid Manor, Haywards Heath

Women in Uniform



Miss M. M. (Gildie) Crawford is a Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. She is a daughter of Sir William Crawford, K.B.E., and Lady Crawford, of 5, Chesterfield House, W. Her father is Chairman and Governing Director of W. S. Crawford, Ltd.



Miss Ann Lydekker is serving as a naval V.A.D. She is the youngest daughter of Capt. Guy Lydekker, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Lydekker, of Haifa, Palestine, and a granddaughter of Admiral Sir John Durnford



Harlip

Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, Junior Commander, A.T.S., daughter of Dr. C. Gordon Moore, C.V.O., was recently appointed P.A. to Lt.-Gen. Sir Ralph Eastwood, Governor of Gibraltar. She was Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Marie Louise during a tour in South Africa

Photographs by
Fred Daniels



● **Pat Kirkwood** has just celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday by signing a quarter-of-a-million contract with M.G.-M. London Films. It is something of an achievement for a little girl—she is just 5 ft. 4 in.—who was born at Withington, Manchester, on February 24th, 1921, and started her stage career at the age of fourteen when she was asked to sing at a Swimming Pool Gala Night at Ramsey, Isle of Man. Pat Kirkwood's new contract means that she will be working under the supervision of Sir Alexander Korda; she is to make pictures for the Company both here and in Hollywood, her first, which is due to start quite soon, being *Heart of Gold*, a musical tribute in Technicolor to the British variety stage. Pat made her name in London when she appeared in *Black Velvet*. Soon afterwards she was starring in *Top 'of the World*. At the moment, she is the Principal Boy in the Coliseum pantomime *Goody Two Shoes*

Two Girls with a Future: the Brunette and

“My Face is My Fortune”



● **Sally Gray**, another February child, has just been signed up by Two Cities Films. She is to appear in the rôle of Jenny Pearl—a part which should suit her admirably, for it will give her the opportunity not only to act, but also to dance—in the screen adaptation of Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival*. Sally, daughter of a ballet dancer, granddaughter of an actress, great-granddaughter of a skipping-rope dancer, started on the ladder of fame when she appeared in *Bow Bells* at the London Hippodrome. Her ethereal loveliness, shapely legs and light-footed dancing attracted attention at once, and she was given a small part by Fred Astaire in *Gay Divorce*. More important rôles quickly followed. She appeared opposite Stanley Lupino in *Cheer Up*, with the late Laddie Cliff in *Over She Goes*, and was one of the stars of *Funny Side Up* and *Lady Behave*. Her latest stage appearance in London was in *My Sister Eileen*, at the Savoy Theatre

the Blonde

e, Kind Sir," She Said



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Hon. Gerald Heaton Nicholls: High Commissioner for South Africa

Last December Mr. G. Heaton Nicholls took up his present appointment in London, in succession to the late Col. Denys Reitz. Like his predecessor, he has had an adventurous and varied career. Born in Hounslow sixty-eight years ago, he served in the ranks of the British Army in India, and saw active service in the jungles of Upper Burma and in the Tirah campaign. He went to South Africa from Ceylon during the Anglo-Boer War, and was instrumental in forming the Barotse Native Police in the Zambesi country. When civil government was established in the North-West Rhodesian wilds, he became District Commissioner at Kafue. From Rhodesia he went to Australia and thence to New Guinea, finally returning to South Africa to settle in Natal as a sugar-cane planter. Founder and first president of the South African Planters Union, he represented the South African sugar industry at the Ottawa Conference in 1930. For many years Member of Parliament for Zululand, Mr. Heaton Nicholls was a member of the Empire Parliamentary deputation to Canada in 1928, and of the Indian Round-Table Conference in Cape Town in 1930. The same year he was appointed Senator for his special knowledge of the native races, and in January 1943 he took office as Administrator of Natal—a position he gave up last year when Field-Marshal Smuts invited him to become High Commissioner in London.

Priscilla in Paris

Paris During the Liberation

● Between the Wars "Priscilla in Paris" had its regular weekly niche in *The Tatler*. "Priscilla," in fact, is one of our oldest contributors. Then Paris fell and our make-up sheet for the issue of June 26th, 1940, bears the laconic entry—"No Priscilla." For many dark months there was no news of her. But at last messages got through, somehow, that she was alive, well, and still driving her voluntary ambulance. Now she has come back, temporarily, to give briefly her impressions of Paris Occupied, Paris Freed and Paris To-day

NOTES FROM THE LOG OF AMBULANCE No. 55

AUGUST 19TH, 1944. Jerry is moving out. Crates of loot are being nailed up. Luggage stacked into small cars. Lorries and every kind of vehicle are departing in all directions. We are sent, from our H.Q. in the Champs Elysées, over to the Left Bank. At Concorde, occupants seem to be looking for trouble. We find it when I ignore challenge and machine-gun starts to splutter. Dodge across pavement and over flower-beds returning whence we came, and arrive at destination by another route. Receive orders to park car chez moi and "use my own judgment." Bong, sez we, excessively bong! Go to First Aid Station near Senate. Germans at all the cross-roads. They let fly pretty haphazard. We take our corners canny, giving them plenty of time to see our red and blue cross.

F.A.S. is a queer little place, with a small rostrum on which several dead civilians are laid out. Grim waxworks. To and from hospitals till midnight, when things seem to quieten down and we decide to call it a day. On way home come across two prowling "Tigers" debouching from side-street. Let one pass and slip across in front of the other with noses in the air, but a queer feeling at the pit of tum-tum. Where boulevards St. Michel and St. Germain intersect two dead Jerrys are staring at the sky. Curious how much deader they seem than the poor souls that are taken out from bombardment wreckage. The former are still in the shape of mankind; but the others . . . one wonders if they have ever been human.

August 20th. Same, like yesterday—only more so. Heavy fighting in next street. All the neighbours on their doorsteps. Certainly not scared or, anyway, don't show it. They

play a dangerous game of hide-and-seek without realising its danger, remaining in the streets while fighting takes place from roof to roof, dodging back into doorways at last moment and being mighty surprised when they get hit. One resents having to waste time over non-fighters, at the same time one sympathises. Everyone is drunk with joy now that the Boche is getting it.

August 21st. Same as yesterday. Too many wounded civilians. Everything is closed. Nuisance about the cafés. We all have a terrible thirst and are obliged to drink from the water-taps. Tricolor flags are making their appearance and the funniest home-made Union Jacks.

August 22nd. Fetch several young mothers and babes from Maternity Hospital and convey them to their homes. In the Place de la République the S.S. in grand formation. Tanks, barbed-wire, machine-guns and notices that it is verboten to pass under pain of death. Pass all the same, on tiptoe, so to write. Machine-guns keep their little black eyes on us. An officer opens the rear door of the ambulance somewhat suddenly, and a babe is sick over him. Good babe.

August 22nd. Early call to fetch wounded F.F.I. Carburettor trouble in the middle of the Place St. Germain des Près; have to take the dashed thing down while the Boches, who have dug themselves into the Deux Maggots, and the F.F.I. on the roofs of the rue de Rennes exchange compliments. Chemist on the other corner comes across to give us a hand. Bless him. Do the job in record time and moye gladly on.

August 23rd. Another hot and sultry night. Cannon very loud, also thunderstorm. Don't know which is which. Mme. C— rings up to say she has just seen Sacha Guitry arrested. They marched him across the Esplanade des

Invalides. Green dressing-gown tucked into his trousers and Panama hat. Escorted by F.F.I. and 'orstile crowd.

August 24th. Called out to fetch Rev. Père S—, who has "important papers" to take to a certain address. The padre wears natty plus fours and the "papers" prove to be several tons of printing paper that have to be taken to a clandestine press the other side of Paris. No. 55 sits down on her springs and we make four trips by devious routes, as barricades happen where least expected. Get home in time for 9 p.m. news, but no electricity. At 9.30 the church bells ring. It's official! There are French officers at the Hotel de Ville. Coloured rockets go up. We are all in the streets, hysterical with joy and excitement. Marseillaise! Face all wet with unexpected tears.

August 25th. Sporadic fighting has kept up all night. Close by, the Senate is still held by the Boches. Won't be long now. While we are cruising we meet our first batch of German prisoners. Look greener than their uniforms and are obviously dazed and astounded at what is happening. Crowd, too happy to curse them, only laughs and laughs and laughs! At the Concorde, the Tricolor floats again. The Kriegsmarine has just surrendered. Nazi flag is thrown down from the roof and, in thirty seconds, is torn to infinitesimal fragments by the crowd.

Late twilight of summer, then the serene starlit night, and all is over but the shouting. The shouting and the sniping. They will last for days, and, anyway, the war is not over; this is only the beginning of the end. To-morrow de Gaulle marches down his Champs Elysées, and may I be there to cheer.

Meanwhile, back to the yard, my gal, and turn the hose on No. 55.

The porte cochère was open. As I worked I could see along the street. Suddenly there passed someone who wore a flat cap and a golden badge.

"Hi!" I yelled, "you're British!"

"Yes," he answered, "Press! I'm So-and-So of the Thingummy."

"Five years ago I used to be Priscilla," I murmured. Maybe there was something in my voice that banished anno domini, or, maybe, it was just the black-out, for he put his arms round me and kissed me, and I dreamed that I was eighteen again.

PRISCILLA.

(Next week: Concluding article "Paris To-day.")



Liberation banners are paraded by wildly enthusiastic crowds through the streets of Paris



General de Gaulle heads the triumphant procession from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde



Rugby Match: Cambridge v. the Public Schools Wanderers

The Cambridge team who beat the Public Schools Wanderers by 22 points to 16: On ground: E. C. A. Bott, R. S. Bingham. Sitting: S. A. Whittle, J. F. Bance, E. S. Bole (Secretary), D. B. Vaughan (Captain), R. P. Jones, J. W. E. Mark, M. R. Steele-Bodger. Standing: T. C. K. Marr, D. N. H. Owen, J. W. McLeod, C. M. A. Vallance, J. Fairgrieve, J. Hall, J. C. Wardill

The Public Schools Wanderers team, who lost to Cambridge in their match played at Cambridge: On ground: S/Ldr. B. R. Miles, H. R. Erskine. Sitting: J. R. Crabtree, M. E. Devine, P. R. K. Ledger, J. A. Dew (Captain), S/Ldr. H. B. Toft, A. D. R. Fiddes, C. M. Brouse. Standing: C. Burton (hon. organiser), N. M. Hall, A. Vennaker, B. R. J. Simpson, J. R. E. Evans, C. E. Ewart, H. Wainstead, E. H. Cole (hon. treasurer)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Cats

A most ungallant member of that organisation which, entirely without popular consent, has elected itself to be *arbiter elegantiarum*, said, in reply to a doubtless well-meaning enquirer, that women were far more "catty" towards one another than are men. The unchivalrous one can never have encountered the Department Wallah! I go farther, and say that he can never have "swam in a gondola," or crossed the Red Sands, as may be said. However, he is only one of many who are given to talking about things of which they have no knowledge at all. How about the sex novel-writers, and the ones who will insist upon writing about such things as fox-hunting? You need not read their books to realise that they can know less than nothing. Look at them, and then make a rough mental calculation of the probabilities. We all know, of course, what a strange thing purely animal instinct is, and that even a Caliban may have a sporting chance with someone of the opposite sex to

his own; but, by and large, women are most discriminating, and thank Heaven for it. As to their "cattiness," as opposed to that of men, I am batting on their side all the time; but then, perhaps, I have "swam in a gondola." Anyway, I do claim to have had an intimate knowledge of that Tabby in Trousers, the Department Wallah, who is so terribly concerned with his deportment that he would walk, and has walked, over the face of his dearest friend without the slightest compunction, whenever it has happened that such a proceeding would give him a leg-up. Cats! Why, men have got the worst old Vinegar Puss of the opposite sex beaten to a frazzle.

Mousers

CATS are often most amusing, and, speaking with becoming modesty, from my own rather varied adventures, most attractive. Mousers are not. They have always given me the creeps. Cats, it is true, quite often ask for it. There was one I knew, as did a whole lot

of other casualties: Eton-blue eyes, golden-chestnut hair, skin like a peach that has ripened on the hot wall of a Liza Lehmann Persian Garden; teeth much better than any pearls; ankles that you could span with your thumb and middle finger; height a bit above the average man's heart, and a voice that would give any cooing dove a mile start in a mile and eleven yards—the old distance of the Two Thousand—and a handsome beating; and danger—well, you work it out to as many places of decimals as you think you can. If you meet her—for she is immortal—don't say that you have not been warned. A White Witch, who lives up a jewelled stair, with charms for the living that would quicken the dead. Well, to continue: this particularly attractive Cat *did* ask for it. She pinched all the attachés belonging to other Cats, including, as I admit was most reprehensible of her, the Heads of such important Departments as the Stamps and Sealing Wax one, the Battle, Murder and Sudden Death one, and a few other Honourable Mistfers. She also laid out the whole of the most decorative staff of an Excellency; but that did not matter so much, because these usually quite impervious officers are thoroughly well trained in battle practice of this particular brand, and it does them no harm. When this entrancing Destroying Angel left the precincts, in which she had wrought such havoc, she wrote a little P.P.C. note to the Principal Cat, saying:

"You can have your Adolphus back: he's a bore. I am off to the nearest Pasteur Institute to get cured of Cat-bite!"

But Mousers—they are different! There was



University Boxing: Oxford and Cambridge Draw in Their Annual Match

Cambridge drew with Oxford, each side scoring 24 points. The Cambridge Boxing Team—Sitting: C. J. Fogarty, B. J. Infield (Captain), I. W. Gregory, N. G. W. Taylor. Standing: D. R. Howell, P. M. Park, Sgt. A. Owen, A.P.T.C. (Trainer), J. M. M. Veitch, R. E. J. Ibbotson

The Oxford Boxing Team—Sitting: W. M. Isola, J. B. E. Baker, Lt.-Col. J. Kyffin (President, O.U.B. Club), L. Kramer (Captain), H. Fraser, B. W. Cole. Standing: Sgt. A. E. Gallie, A.P.T.C. (Trainer), T. H. Harvey, R. H. Easton, A. M. Shaw, A. C. Johnstone, Col. Henslow, J. Burkinshaw, M. C. Schute, A. M. Coates, B. Anderson

D. R. Stuart

one I knew who had twins—both girls, called "Giggles" and "Goggles"—former all hair, teeth and heartiness—latter played Braga's Serenata most greasily on her violin. A chap I knew had to get his Squadron Commander to tell old Angela (the mother) that he had been bitten by a mad dog, and had started scrabbling for bones in the flower-beds, and sitting up and begging at lunch. Angela had got too motherly, just because the first chap had let "Giggles" give all his polo ponies sore backs. There was another poor sap we used to call The Prisoner of Brenda. He was heir to a Dukedom, and far too matey to be safe in the midst of the Mousers—but, perhaps, this might do for another thriller.

Flirting

WHETHER the practice of this dangerous pastime, usually linked with a certain measure of scratching and swearing, should be punishable by decapitation, as the late Sir W. S. Gilbert informed us that, in fact, it was in the Town of Titipu, might, I suggest, be the next question put up to the Brains Trust. The B.T. would no doubt start the debate by saying: "It all depends upon what you mean by Flirting." The point, for once, would be well taken; for, as far as any Case Law bearing upon the subject is concerned, we are faced by an arid desert. Is Walking Out flirting? Is Keeping Company? The Law leaves us absolutely flat. Is it necessary to have reliable sworn testimony that the accused had sighed unconsciously, or been so vulgar as to leer or wink, before prosecuting counsel could hold out the faintest hope of securing a conviction? The problem bristles with far greater difficulties than most of those submitted to the Solons of the B.B.C.; but as some of them seem to know such a lot about Cats of the gentler gender, why should it be impossible for them to afford the public some enlightenment and entertainment upon such a vital subject?

The Brains sometimes include an eminent medical authority in their company, and it might be a useful supplementary question to pose: "Is flirting caused by a germ or the absorption of a virus, akin to that impregnated by the cobra or the mamba?"

Much food here for discussion—and even wrangling.

"Fuzzy"

THE host of the friends of the late Sir Cecil Graham will have been as grieved at the news of his death as was the writer. He was a notable figure in the rowing world, and later on in that of polo, quite apart from the position he occupied in the commercial and official circles of India, where he made his mark as a sound and level-headed member of the Imperial Legislative Council. He first gained renown as a Wet Bob at Eton, where he was in Mr. Mitchell's house and a member of Pop. He was in the Eton Eight of 1891, and on going up to Trinity, Oxford, narrowly missed his Blue. He was ninth man in 1894 and 1895. They most probably erred by not putting him in the boat, for he rowed in the Leander winning crews at Henley in 1895, 1896 and 1897 (Grand 1896, Stewards 1897). "Fuzzy," a most contradictory pet-name they gave him at Oxford, was not a pretty oar according to those who did not believe in Fairburnism, but he was a very strong one, and like almost all Etonians, a first-class waterman. I think that I can claim to have coxed one of the last winning crews in which he rowed, his own four, at a Calcutta Rowing Club Regatta. Behind him he had Joe ("Churra") Hoare, who hailed from Harrow and had rowed in The Trials at Cambridge; George Galloway, who was in Graham and Co., Calcutta, and at bow, Fuzzy's cousin, "Pup" Graham (W.L.), who had been a Wet Bob at Eton, and was, I think, in the Upper Boats, but I can't remember for sure. In India Fuzzy was in two Calcutta Polo Club teams which won the I.P.A. Championship in seasons 1908-1909 and 1909-1910. He played polo just as hard as he rowed. He was seen out in this country at Hurlingham after his return from India, but the First German War breaking out so soon, he got very little chance. It is a proud memory to me that I rode one winner for him and another near miss, both on the same animal. Poor Fuzz will be very badly missed.



Poole, Dublin

The Royal Dublin Society's Annual Shorthorn Show in Dublin

Three sisters there were Mrs. Weldon, wife of Capt. T. B. Weldon, Miss Cicely and Miss Eleanor French. They are the daughters of Capt. the Hon. William French, heir presumptive to Lord De Freyne

Watching the judging were Col. the Hon. Herbrand and Mrs. Alexander, with her son, Lt. Denys Domville, Life Guards. Mrs. Alexander had six bulls entered at the show



Captured at Cheltenham: by "The Tour"

Mrs. Victor Bruce, a newcomer to the ranks of lady owners under National Hunt Racing, bought Birthlaw after he had won a "Seller" at Cheltenham in January for £500. She was well rewarded for this big outlay, when Birthlaw, next time of asking, easily won the High Class Selling Hurdle over the same course a month later. This time he was bought in by his persevering owner for £400. Major Bob Wigney, M.C., one of the guiding lights behind Cheltenham, is also the Auctioneer at the Meeting. "Bert" Gordon, famous cross-country jockey, has ridden many winners over the course. Lt.-Col. R. B. Moseley, a leading amateur before the war, when he generally steered the late Mrs. Hollins's jumpers, was at Cheltenham the other day on leave from the Middle East. Ted Saunders is a very successful owner under both rules of racing. T. Isaac is riding in great form over jumps this season. Major Noel Furlong, of Reynoldstown fame, owns and trains the useful 'chaser Black Brother, who won the other day at Windsor

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Background

"To the pure, all things are pure." Equally surely one may say that to the great mind nothing is small. This struck me, reading George Santayana's *Persons and Places* (Constable; 10s.), which he has sub-titled "The Background of My Life." No one with other knowledge of Mr. Santayana's writing could expect in this, his memoirs—or, rather, the beginning of his memoirs—that abstract, above-the-world attitude usually, if wrongly, attributed to philosophers. It is not so long since he surprised the world with his novel *The Last Puritan*. Surprised it most, perhaps, by his narrative gift: one is inclined to think of the contemplative mind as static. So moving in every sense was *The Last Puritan* that, with his first novel, written in his maturity, Mr. Santayana gave the professional novelists reason to quake on their own ground.

George Santayana has probably meant more to the plain man of his age—plain man, be it understood, who is also thoughtful and sentient—than any other contemporary philosopher. He offers us the phenomenon (and alas that it should be a phenomenon!) of high intellect not out of contact with the sensuous world, and of trained intellect that remains unacademic. I am not either so closely or so widely familiar with the body of his writing as I hope to become; I can therefore only give it as my impression that he has never written a sentence unduly difficult for the straightforward reader to understand. He is to be sought by those who think, but would wish to think more clearly; by those who feel, but would wish for purer sensation; and most by those who are aware of, but would wish to find expressed, the interplay of thought and feeling in life.

What has gone to the making of this philosopher? That which goes to the making of other men—grandparents and parents and the traditions these stand for, home, school, college, religion, study, day-dreaming, friendships, pleasures, vicissitudes, adventures, travel. These, just these, are the stuff of *Persons and Places*. Vividly rendered—as people, places and things—can only be rendered by one who loves life for life's sake—they are, at the same time, integrated by what is in the deepest sense a philosophy.

Avila—Boston

THIS life—or, rather, this youth, for at the end of the book the author is only twenty—would be fascinating even were it not that of George Santayana. That, apart from being his, it gains by being recounted by him is obvious. For, following up his debut as an ideal novelist, Mr. Santayana now makes another as the ideal memoir-writer. Given the fact that he was born (in Madrid) in 1864, the freshness for him of details surrounding childhood—the taste of a dish, the colour of a hat ribbon, the pattern of one of his mother's dresses, the slimy piles of the

Boston harbour, the look of the Bristol Channel in the rain—is itself extraordinary. Is it true, perhaps, that a child's observations are sharpened, and, accordingly, sharper memories stored up, by change, by exposure to contrast? For truly no two more unlike cities could have provided the locale of any one boyhood. Avila—Boston. Crabbed, haughty, involuted old Spain, and open, liberal, thoughtful and naïve (comparatively) New England! Most attractive extreme of the Old World, most admirable expression of the New!

Tortuous circumstances produced these journeys, which have a savour of General Post. On both sides Mr. Santayana is, by birth, pure Spanish. He was, however, the child of his mother's second marriage: of her first to the Bostonian George Sturgis, whom she met in Manila, three children survived. This Doña Josefina who was George Santayana's mother—a strange, sombre, complex and ultra-Spanish creature—was impressed by, one might say magnetised to, her first husband's relations, the Sturgises: upon her first widowhood she moved to join them in Boston. However, a visit, with her three Sturgis children, to Spain resulted in renewed acquaintance, ultimately in marriage, with Don Augustin Ruiz de Santayana, a retired official. The middle-aged couple set up house in Madrid, where their one son, Jorge (our George Santayana), was born. It was typical of Mrs. Santayana that she should have insisted on christening the son of her second marriage after her first husband. Her character was, one might say, responsible for much of the oddness of her family's life. First, disliking Madrid, she



Dooley, Pinner

Playwright Diana Morgan, whose "Three Waltzes," starring Evelyn Laye and Esmond Knight, opened at the Princes Theatre on March 1st, is the wife of Robert MacDermot, B.B.C. General Overseas Service Organiser, with whom she collaborated in writing the famous *Gate Reviews* produced by Norman Marshall, and in "Black and Blue" for George Black. The author of many other successful plays and revues, Diana Morgan entered films in 1941 as script writer at Ealing Studios, and is at present working on the film adaptation of "Pink String and Sealing Wax," to be directed at Ealing by Robert Hamer

made a bolt in the direction of Boston, taking with her Jorge and the three young Sturgises: she was persuaded to relent and return, on condition that home was moved from Madrid to Avila. Avila, however, did not see her for long: when young Jorge was not yet four years old, his mother, his two half-sisters and his half-brother really did quit Spain, to set up house in Boston. The small boy was left in charge of his father and a succession of feckless Spanish relatives. When Jorge was seven, his (almost preternaturally resigned) father took him across to Boston and left him there with his mother. Bleak 302, Beacon Street, in a world of dingy red brick, railway lines, washing and empty lots, was to be, from henceforward, "home." George was not again to see Avila or his Spanish father till he was nineteen. He had first set foot in Boston not speaking a word of English.

"Strange Marriage"

IN 1888, when their son Jorge (now George) was twenty-four and studying in Berlin, Señor Santayana, in Avila, thus wrote to Mrs. Santayana, in Boston:

MY DEAR JOSEFINA: I have had much pleasure in taking note of your kind letter and of the verses which, while thinking of me, you wrote twenty-five years ago. A volume would be requisite for me to recount the memories I have of our relations during now little less than half a century. When we were married, I felt as if it were written that I should be united to you, yielding to the force of destiny, although I saw plainly the difficulties of such a union, apart from those that would not fail to arise later. Strange marriage, (Concluded on page 344)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I AM always thankful that Nature endowed me with a love of solitude.

It never terrifies me as it seems to terrify some people. Not, however, that it is easy to be alone in this world—at least, in a physical sense. General agreement appears to infer that when a man is by himself, he is either thinking deeply, worried to death or desperately in need of a companion—a man therefore to be pitied. Poor, lonely creature, they say—the silly mutts! He is very probably being completely entertained by the inner joy of being by himself at last. His thoughts may merely be gathering wool, his worries no more acute than they ever are in this life, with so many things sent to worry all of us, and quite probably he is being perfectly happy and at peace, joyfully contemplating the lovely personality of a tree! Ninety-nine people out of every hundred can never, never be convinced that their company, however trivial, flat and uninspiring, is not more enjoyable than any verdure!

Of course, the perfect companion at the perfect moment, and amid surroundings which lend themselves to perfect communion, is an ideal moment in any life. But how rarely does it happen? No; in the ordinary course of events, human society demands such tactfulness, so much suppression of our own feelings and ideas, so many hidden corners to avoid, that alone at last can easily comprise the most mentally-fruitful period of an every day which, in these times, offers little other than noise and foreboding.

By Richard King

Speaking personally, when I am in a wood, or in a garden, or in some strange city, dreaming my dreams, I never do feel alone—when I am alone. Some invisible personality always seems to accompany us through life, though most people turn their backs on him (or her—if you prefer it that way). He is interested in what you yourself are interested in; his sense of humour is your own; he loves the same things at the same moment; he is bored when you are bored. But although you have the inner joy of being able to communicate all your thoughts and feelings, high and low, poetical or commonplace, he never interrupts your train of thought. Most people seem to avoid him like the plague. They imagine that they will lose touch with their fellow-men unless they are always being jostled by them. If, as sometimes must happen even in the lives of the most artificial and garrulous, they find themselves alone with him, they have as little to say as I should if, in the days of my youth, I had found Queen Victoria sunning herself on the river-bank as I was emerging from my morning bathe. And yet without his company, life, after the first flush of its exciting novelty, can become very tedious. He alone adds a richness which, though it may never be able to buy anything material, can purchase nearly all the immaterial joys. No wonder, speaking symbolically, God seems to take His recreation in a wood far more often than ever He does in the High Street.

On Active Service



Instructional Staff of a R.A.F. Training Unit

Sitting: F/Os. A. Mee, C. Battersby, S/Ldr. J. R. Moir, W/Cdr. G. J. L. Read, G/Capt. G. C. Bladon, S/Ldr. J. Mackenzie, F/Lieuts. H. McL. Ferguson, T. Stafford. Standing: F/Lieut. A. C. I. Waldace, F/O. W. A. Harvey, F/Lieut. L. J. B. Truscott, F/O. E. J. Burrus, F/Lieuts. T. Woolfenden, E. J. Howse, A. W. Smith, A. Aldridge

Right: Front row: Lieut. J. H. Mackay, R.N.N., Capt. S. J. Palmer, R.M., Rev. P. A. Knox, Chaplain, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (S.) A. D. Baird, R.N., Major A. R. Hawkins, R.M., Capt. C. D. Maud, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Cdr. C. J. Skrine, R.N., Capt. F. W. Morgan, R.M., Surg.-Lt. C. Lewthwaite, R.N.V.R., Lieuts. G. A. M. Sarber, R.N.N., Lieut. A. L. Neeson, R.M. Middle row: Lieut. A. Keith-Roach, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lieuts. (Sp.) G. Hatherley, R.N.V.R., (S.) L. E. Williams, R.N.V.R., Lieuts. (Sp.) H. C. Poll, R.N.V.R., C. Nethercot, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lieut. (Sp.) H. T. Gilmore, R.N.V.R., Lieut. (Sp.) G. Reddick, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lieuts. (Sp.) F. Markham, R.N.V.R., (Sp.) J. P. Beynon, R.N.V.R., Lieut. H. G. Loe, R.M. Back row: Sub-Lieuts. R. M. Mitchell, R.N.V.R., (S.) S. T. Cribb, R.N.V.R., (Sp.) P. Casey, R.N.V.R., (Sp.) G. P. Marlow, R.N.V.R., Mr. A. J. Feltham, R.N., Mr. W. H. Leaman, R.N., Sub-Lieuts. (Sp.) E. J. Beards, R.N.V.R., W. Stephenson, R.N.V.R., Lieut. J. Robertson, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lieut. (S.) G. J. Ganly, R.N.V.R.



Officers of a Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

Front row: Capt. J. Richardson (Q.M.), Majors J. Corcoran, D.S.O., M.C., P. Samwell, M.C., J. Sloan, M.C. (second in command), a Lieut.-Colonel, Capt. A. J. A. Stewart (Adj.), Majors I. Campbell, H. Morton, M.C., Capt. M. Thomson. Second row: Capt. W. Blair, R.A.M.C., J. Roberts, D. Reekie, M. Kenneth, Jackson, J. Robertson, R. Campbell (R.A.Ch.), T. Armstrong, J. Goodall, J. Harrison. Third row: Lieuts. Binns, K. Nicholson, J. Harris, H. Mathieson, J. Knight, W. Lamont, Reed. Back row: Capt. N. Wykes, Lieuts. P. Hands, M.C., R. Williams, D. McGee, G. Wood, J. Cutland



Officers of a Naval Party Serving on the Continent



Officers and Warrant Officers of the 26th Middlesex Battalion Home Guard

Front row: Capt. Pales, Pailthorpe, Goundry, Majors Millar, Nicholson, Capt. Drinkwater (Q.M.), Major Derrett (second in command), Col. Robey (Batt. Cdr.), Capt. Philip, M.C. (Adj.), Majors Gordon, Smout, M.C., Capt. Roberts, M.C., D.C.M., Griffith, Wright. Second row: Lieuts. Eastwood, Underwood, Mitchell, Drakes, Edwards, Ward, French, Martin, M.M., Lewis, Robinson, Lege, Holmes, C.S.M. Rees. Third row: Lieut. Baker, R.S.M. Marshall, Lieuts. King, Fletcher, Mashford, Miller, Fullarton, M.M., Smith, R.Q.M.S. Campbell, Lieuts. Jacobs, Rodgers, P.S.I./Sgt. Warren. Fourth row: Lieuts. Woolley, Wood, Yeoman, Capt. McIntosh, Lieuts. Wheeler, Stone, McGregor, Andrews, Morris, M.C., Merrick, Capt. Gower, Lieut. Buckley, C.S.M. Hester. Back row: Lieuts. Fidler, Lucas, Baker, Griffith, M.M., Moffett, Tring, Hogg, Stroud, Stanfield, Jennings

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 330)

talking to the Turkish Ambassador and his wife; Count Larisch, the Netherlands Ambassador, whose wife had gone to the country to see the little Dutch children sent over here to be rehabilitated; and the Argentine Ambassador, whose family are now in Spain.

The tall figure of Lady Linlithgow, in palest grey, was easily discernible among the throng, and so was that of Lady Cranley, who was talking to young Lord Lothian, who was there with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Carr, a sister of the hostess. Mrs. Corrigan was sitting on a sofa having a quiet talk with Mr. Chips Channon; Lady Queensberry was there; so were the Hon. Eleanor Brougham; Lady Greville and Lady Abingdon. Sir John Monck was shaking hands with his left hand as his right one was out of commission from a fall when he was knocked down by a cyclist. Mme. Ruegger, who was looking very smart in black and with an unusual shoulder-cape of black chenille, had her attractive young daughter, Baroness du Four, to help her. Baroness du Four is a petite brunette, and looked very chic in black broderie anglaise; she has only recently reached London from Italy.

Visitor to London.

ONE of the most delightful of modern Chinese authors is Mr. Shih I. Hsiung, whose translations of James Barrie, Bernard Shaw and Thomas Hardy have justly gained for him an international reputation. Mr. Hsiung has been spending a few days at the May Fair enjoying his first spell "off duty" for a very long while indeed. Amongst his many plays, theatre-goers will always remember his *Lady Precious Stream*, and his books *The Professor from Peking* and *The Bridge of Heaven* are considered classics.

Now Mr. Hsiung, who lives in a lovely old house in Oxford, is busily engaged on what will easily be his greatest work. It is a *History of China*, and many years will have to be spent before such a monumental task can be fully achieved.

During his stay in town Mr. Hsiung, who is an ardent theatre-goer—he was formerly manager of the Chen Kwang Theatre in Peking—found time to visit a few theatres in the company of his old friend Cdr. Harvey Steeholm.



Lt. and Mrs. G. A. G. Hally

Left: Lt. G. A. G. Hally, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hally, of Densy Lodge, Sudbury, Derbyshire, and Miss Susan Nicol, younger daughter of the late Rev. D. Bruce Nicol, M.C., B.D., and Mrs. Nicol, of Aberdeen, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street



Lord Lawrence's Daughter Marries

F/Lt. Vincent George Byrne, R.A.F., youngest son of the late Mr. James Byrne and Mrs. Byrne, of Malahide, Co. Dublin, married the Hon. Nona Lawrence, youngest daughter of Lord Lawrence, of Molyneux Court, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and the late Lady Lawrence, at Brompton Oratory

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

this of ours . . . ! I have always believed that the place in which it would be natural for you to live was Boston, in consequence of your first marriage which determined the course of your whole life. . . . On my side, I could not then or later leave my own country for good, in order to live in Boston, when in view of my age and impediments it was impossible for me to learn to speak English well and to mix in that society. Here I have been a help to my family, and there I should have been only an encumbrance.

I should have wished that Jorge should not have been separated from me, but I found myself compelled to take him in person and leave him in your charge and that of his brother and sisters. Unhappy compulsion!

That "strange marriage," that "unhappy compulsion" resulted, for George Santayana, in the mixed life that has proved so fertilising to his genius. It gave America this brilliant child of old Spain to be, at least nominally, her son. The Beacon Street home, reinforced, at least on the children's side, by ardent Catholicism, remained rigidly, darkly, coldly Spanish in atmosphere. Mrs. Santayana remained allergic to New England culture: she declined, for instance, to join the Roxbury Plato Club. But what, pursued the still-hopeful president, did Mrs. Santayana do with her spare time? She replied: "In winter I try to keep warm; and in summer I try to keep cool."

At the Boston Latin School, at Harvard, George Santayana never lost the sense of strangeness to, of apartness from, New England. He was in, but not of. This may have added to, or at least brought out, his individual subtle powers of mind.

You might, from all this, expect a somewhat inhuman man. Far from it: throughout *Persons and Places* there is a humanity glowing like warmth and light. And this brings me back, round the circle, to my first thought: that, to the great mind, nothing is small.

You will enjoy the pictures of Spanish small-town grandes and eccentrics—particularly Tío Nicolás, the Canon, and his somewhat ambiguous Tarragona menage. And, both by contrast and for their own sakes, the lunettes of domestic Boston of the '70's and '80's are fascinating. Read also Mr. Santayana on such subjects as coal and wood fires, seasickness, housework, painted angels in churches, loquacious lady travellers and frozen ears.

Not So Easy

WAR correspondents apparently are a godlike race. When I say "apparently," I mean, by their own accounts. One feels that great names, from these ranks, may go down to history, strung along, turn-about, with the names of statesmen, Admirals, Generals, further to confuse the poor infant of (say) A.D. 2245. War correspondents, alternately, give out like the Delphic oracle and whip like eagles round our embattled globe. Cooler than cucumbers, they toss down quick ones, rattle away on their typewriters, or exchange cracks while forts rock and cities are blown sky-high. If they are not all American, they are all as nearly American as possible.

In the course of my duties as a reviewer, I have read many (not all) of the war correspondents' books with mounting, and stupefied, admiration. Would it be mean to say that, after this course of reading, I found Richard Busvine's *Gullible Travels* (Constable; 10s.) a relief?

Gullible Travels goes to show that being, or becoming, a war correspondent is not so easy as you might think—or as he thought, or hoped, when he took on the job. He found himself (as the wrapper curtly and rightly puts it) "transformed overnight from the managing director of a fashionable dress shop into a wholly inexperienced globe-trotting reporter for a Chicago paper." This did not happen by magic: Mr. Busvine applied for the job (on Sunday, September 3rd, 1939) and got it. He had already done a little odd writing for the *Chicago Times*. But to be a war correspondent was quite another kettle of fish!

Mr. Busvine writes this engaging and breathless book, on the profession that he espoused so gaily, from the point of view of the amateur; even at times the rabbit. Amateur—in the French sense of love for the thing—he may be; but rabbit, no!

His adventures, at least in the first few rounds, were, however, disconcerting to him; they are enjoyably funny for the reader. That all-night vigil on the Luxembourg frontier for a German invasion that did not materialise till the following year caps them. With less and less conviction did Mr. Busvine see himself as his ideal, the "Scoop Joe"; and more and more did he wonder at the tolerance of his Chicago editor. Danger was rather sought than shirked; discomforts were had in plenty.

By the end—in fact, a good way before the end—Mr. Busvine has triumphantly made good. But, alas, at this point his book becomes rather more like all the rest. I think that perhaps too much is packed in the second half. The first—lighter, looser and plus "The Screwball"—is brilliant.

Not What One Hoped

IN *Puzzle for Puppets*, by Patrick Quentin (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), a young Naval Lieutenant arrives in San Francisco to spend a short leave with an adored, adorable and adoring wife. Or so he thinks. Actually, the would-be honeymoon pair find themselves involved in a chain of murders.

For comedy, sex-appeal, mystery and good, taut suspense this detective story is to be recommended. No doubt you already know Patrick Quentin's name.



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● Above: Dark-brown straw, its high—but not too high—crown trimmed with curled ostrich feathers, £9 16s. 11d., *Harvey Nichols*. Left: Yellow and grey striped material, trimmed with a bow of grey petersham and grey veiling, £10 8s. 4d., *Margaret Marks*. Right: Green felt, garlanded with white flowers, trimmed with veiling, £10 10s. 5d., *Debenham and Freebody*. Below: High beret of black silk petersham, trimmed with brightly-coloured silk flowers. The same design made also in fine straw, £9 4s. 3d., *Harvey Nichols*

*Photographs by
Dermot Conolly*



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Stories from Everywhere

A YOUNG soldier in hospital had received many kindnesses from a woman visitor, who asked him one day if there was anything she could send him to while away the long hours of convalescence. He replied that he would like to have a gramophone record of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

Some days later he was astonished to receive a letter which read: "I have got you a record of Frank Sinatra singing 'Moonlight,' but nobody seems to have heard of Bert Hoven's band!"

THE soldier had just received his corporal's stripes, and he was very proud and very young. He was trying to make a date with a young girl on the street-car. He was quite insistent; he had the evening off and he would have her to dinner and a film. At last she said: "I want you to know, soldier, that I date nothing lower than a second lieutenant."

"Oh," said the corporal, "I didn't know there was anything lower."

WORKING in a munition factory a man got his coat caught in a revolving wheel. He was whisked up and whirled round and round till the foreman managed to switch off the machine. The workman fell to the ground and up rushed the foreman.

"Speak to me, speak to me," he said in great agitation.

The victim looked up. "Why should I," he said. "I passed you six times just now, and you didn't speak to me!"

THE cavalry recruit was instructed to bridle and saddle a horse. Ten minutes later the sergeant-major came along for his mount and found the recruit holding the bit close to the horse's head.

"What are you waiting for?" roared the sergeant. "Until he yawns," answered the recruit.

THE sexton, passing through the graveyard during an air raid, found the skeletons up and making off with the tombstones under their arms.

"Not safe enough for us," they explained. "Foot or two of earth's not enough cover."

"But don't take the tombstones," pleaded the sexton.

"Tombstones be hanged," replied the skeletons, "these are our identity cards."

A CERTAIN old lady was the grande dame of the town, and in any business she always seemed to come out victor. It took a red-headed old Scot to cut her down to her right size. She had ordered Angus, the local gardener, to plant five hundred tulip bulbs. When he presented his bill she said, "I'll pay you when they come up."

Angus started digging: "Madam," said he, "they're coming up damn quick."

"You know, dear, nature is wonderful," murmured the first woman.

"Oh, what are you thinking of now?" asked her friend.

"Well, a hundred years ago nobody ever thought of wearing glasses, yet here we are today with our ears fixed in just the right place to put them on."

OUTRAGED young girl to employee in the telephone company office:

"Certainly it's essential! I want a telephone to make dates and get married and have children with!"



Cherry Lind is the only British actress who has been right up to the front line of the 14th Army in Burma to entertain the troops there. Miss Lind, who is only nineteen, had many exciting adventures out East; she is a Devonshire girl, born in Plymouth, and made her first West End appearance in George Black's "Strike a New Note" at the Prince of Wales Theatre last year

A SOLDIER was leaving hospital to rejoin his unit. He had been very ill, but the skill of doctors, good nursing and the kindly matron had pulled him through.

As he was leaving he tried to thank the matron.

"I—er—just wanted to say how much—" he coughed nervously. "Yes, I—you don't know how much—"

Feeling his courage going he braced himself for a great effort.

"I wanted to—er—tell you—" Then in desperation: "Lumme! If ever there was a fallen angel, you're one!"



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Recoil Drives

Not long ago the Air Ministry issued a statement about the Gloster Meteor jet driven aircraft. But it still did not clear up the point I raised recently in these columns. What are we to call these machines? What names will be descriptive and yet reasonably accurate?

The Meteor has a couple of Air Commodore Whittle's jet power units. They are gas turbines. But they do not drive airscrews; they propel by recoil effect. So it is not fully descriptive to describe the new machine as being powered by gas turbines. There is no objection to a gas turbine driving an ordinary airscrew through appropriate gearing. A word is wanted which deals with the method of propulsion rather than the source of power as such.

My own solution is the term "recoil drive." This indicates that there is no conventional airscrew. It does not define the type of power unit. The Caproni-Campini pioneer recoil drive aircraft, for instance, had an ordinary piston engine to drive the blower. But it had no airscrew. It does not seem that there is any term which will at one and the same time indicate that the aircraft is driven by recoil and that the power unit is a gas turbine. But the term "recoil drive" tells more of what we want to know than simply the term "gas turbine."

M.A.P.

IN the days when newspapers were made for their readers and not for some smug educational group of sour, nut-cracking Nornies, there used to be columns which were often headed "Things we want to know?" They were concerned with what happened to the Most Honourable Marquess in the taxi-cab in Piccadilly and with how the member of the chorus found her way home. Nowadays we do not have such items. There would be a righteous outcry if we did. Yet there still remain things that we want to know. One of the things I want to know is what is going to happen to the Ministry of Aircraft Production when the war is over. It has served the country well. It has done much to

overcome difficulties associated with the special conditions of war. It has helped to keep up the flow of aircraft of all kinds. But is it to go on after the war? Is it to be abolished?

About some of the wartime Ministries there have already been exchanges in the House of Commons; but I have not noticed any about the Ministry of Aircraft Production. It would be useful if we were to know what the plans are. My own views have been expressed so often that I hardly like to repeat them all over again. I want to see one fighting service, embracing in its political structure, departments for land, for sea and for air. I want to see an enlarged Ministry of Transport embracing in its responsibilities air transport. It follows that in my scheme there is no place for a separate Ministry of Aircraft Production. Almost the only logical argument in its favour is concerned with the fact that both the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force need aircraft and that it is more efficient that there should be one source of supply than two. Anyhow, the future of the Ministry of Aircraft Production is emphatically one of the things we want to know.

Motor Cars of Tomorrow

IT is curious the way that during successful Allied military operations young men's fancies turn to thoughts of motor cars. I find that when a push is going well I hear many more people discussing the kind of car they hope to own after the war than at any other time. There is great enthusiasm about this subject and there is a widespread expectation that the new cars will be a big advance upon the old ones. There is a feeling



In the Precincts of the Palace

Air Commodore Douglas Iron is seen leaving Buckingham Palace after a recent investiture, with his daughter, Mrs. J. M. Deane. Air Commodore Iron received the C.B.E.

that so much has been discovered during the war and so many technical advances made that the 1946 model will look and act very differently from the 1940 model.

The fact probably is that for a time, the difference will be small. Only after an interval of two or three years will it be possible for the motor car makers to incorporate the new technical advances. And it must be remembered that Government interference will assuredly slow down the rate of progress. The Government has learned to interfere in almost everything. We know that its interference is for the worse.

Here are the words of Sir William Rootes on this matter of Government grip. "Vested interests," he said, was a vague phrase much in vogue; but a real vested interest which was a menace was the taste—acquired during wartime—of those who desired to interfere and regulate the affairs of their fellows. Control for control's sake must go—and the sooner the better. With those sentiments I agree. We shall not only have to wait for the disappearance of controls in order to see the disappearance of the kind of abuses

I have named; but also in order to see the full use of technical knowledge. The motor cars of the future will be marvellous. But their marvellousness will not appear until motor car makers are freed from Government interference and until motoring itself enjoys a large measure of freedom. Meanwhile we must be content with refurbished 1940 models. They will be new and they will be better; but they will not be revolutionary. A very similar state of affairs must be expected in private flying. But there also I hope that eventually we shall see really remarkable advances.



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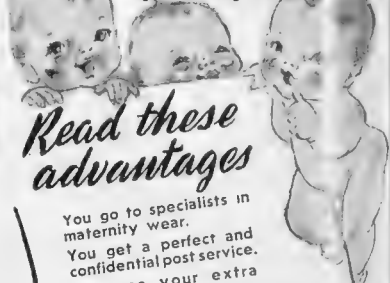
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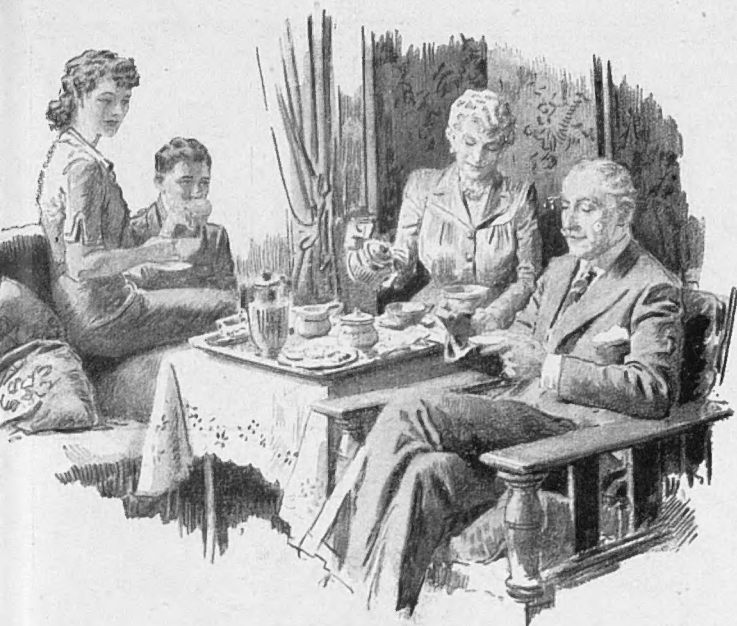


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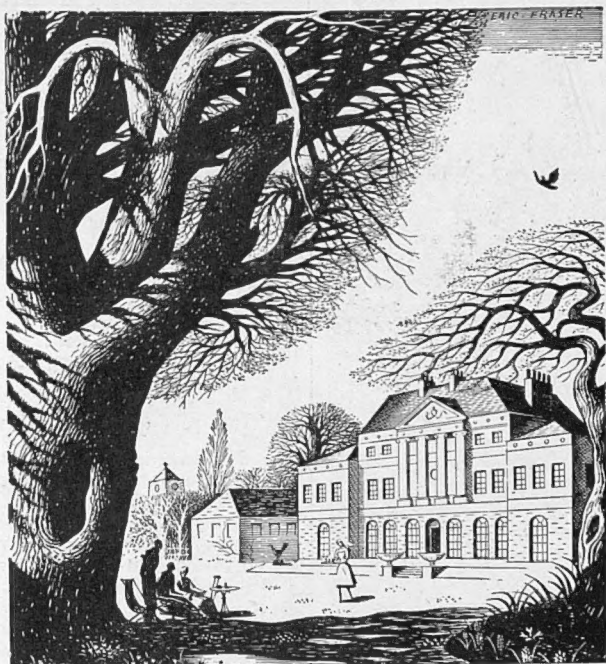


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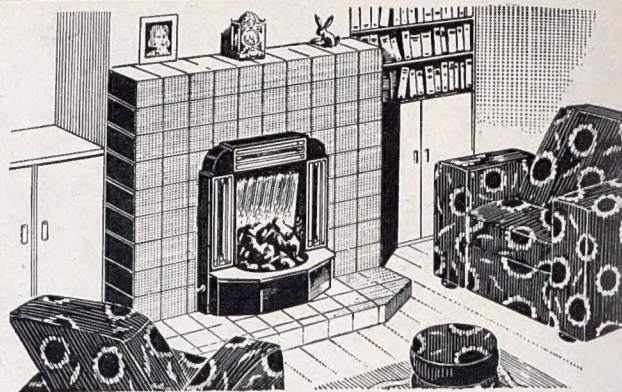
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